

Abbook (Only Member!)

THE SENTIMENTAL THINGS

SELECTED POEMS  
WRITTEN BY

CECILLIA WANG



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SENTIMENTAL  
THINGS

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by

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CECILLIA WANG  
PUBLISHED NOVELS

*Inevitably in Love*

*Invitation Only*

*Evermore*



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*for me—  
Prince Harry is married,  
but there's plenty more other princes out there.  
move on girl, because you're a god-damn queen!*

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## AUTHOR'S NOTE

to my readers, let me tell you something scary—

one day, you will get your heart so broken, your world turned upside down, and everything is just an utter mess—you will face those days! you will! you know why? because people are flawed and they disappoint you (all the damn time!). the common truth is, we're just not perfect.

if you have already faced those days, then proceed reading this book. but please don't get so sentimental about it. get up and move on with life.

but if you have not faced those days, then this book might not be the right book for you at the moment. trust me though, it will *be*. the right time will come and you'll understand what i'm talking about.

i hope you may never have to face those days alone.  
let this book be your *friend* at your worst days.

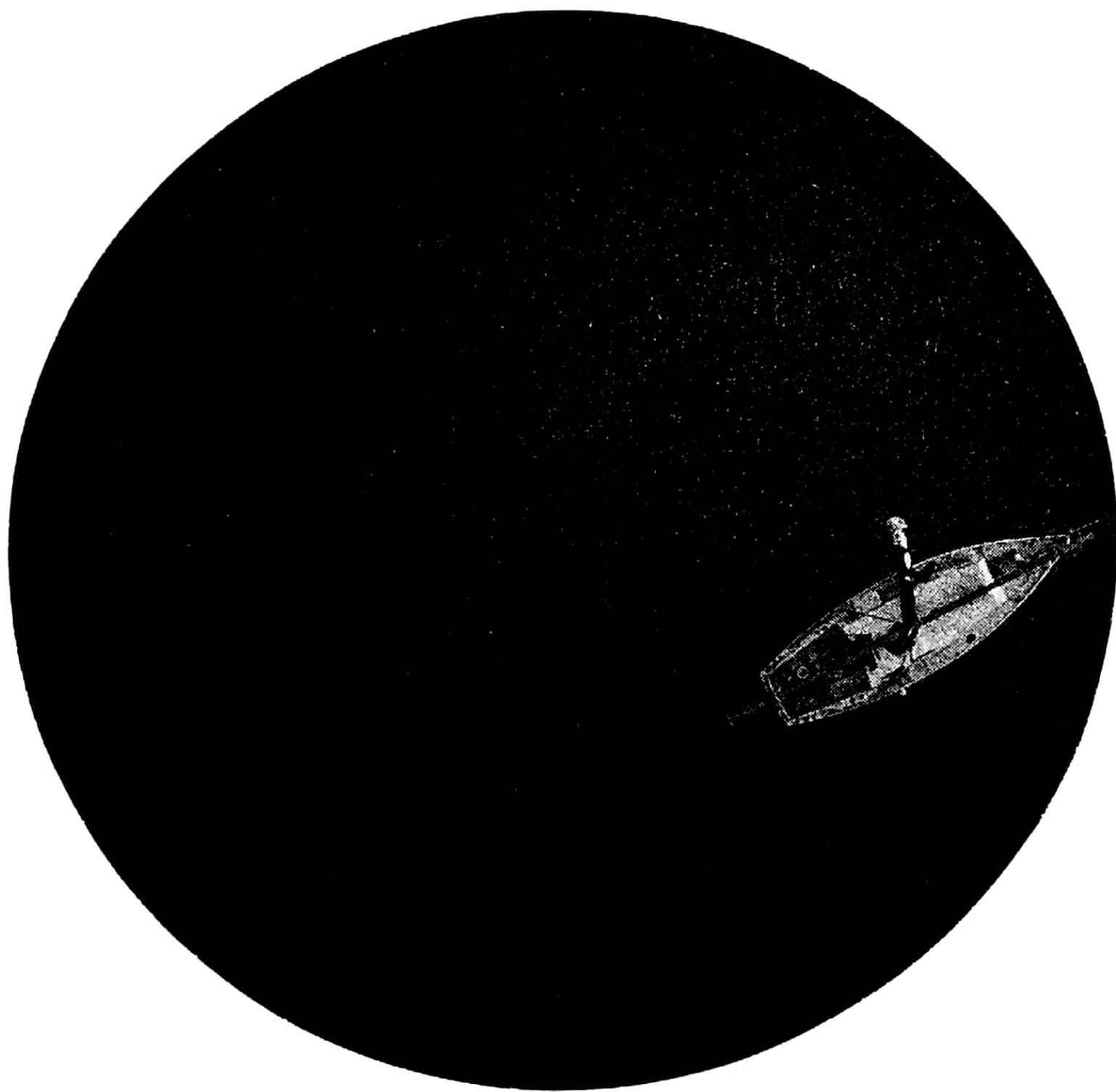
from my heart to yours,

—CECILLIA WANG



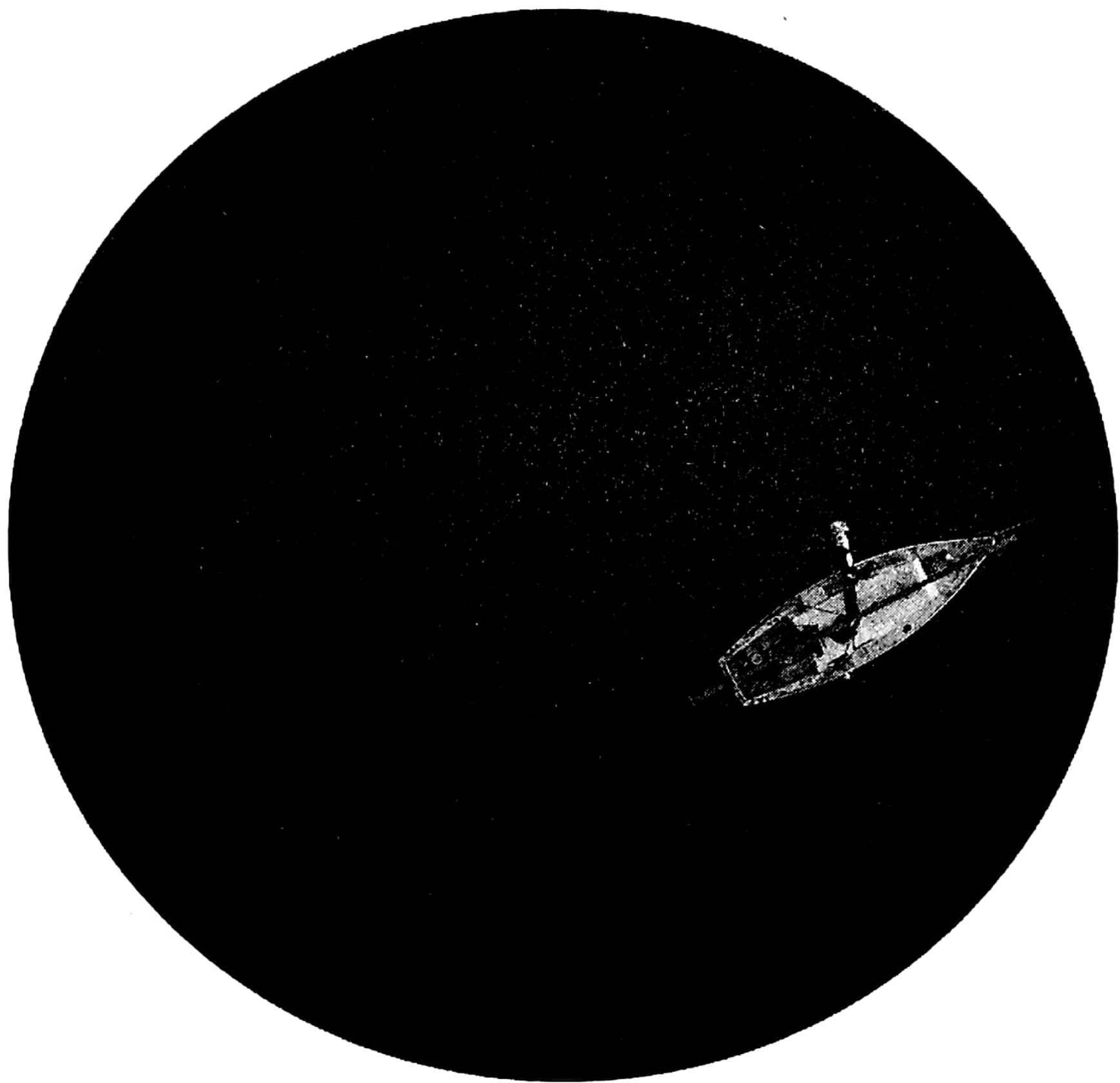
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THE SENTIMENTAL THINGS

PART ONE

*"I would kiss you, had I the courage"*

—ÉDOUARD MANET

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MONDAY

the ugly truth about love,  
it's like a *monday* morning.

you get up,  
and it's not *sunday* anymore.

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i

need

you

more

than

the

next

heartbeat.



YELLOW LEMON

you're the sourest lemon i've ever encountered in life.

yet,

you're the best lemonade i've ever made.

*i don't like the way you don't look at me.  
i need all the attention.*

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selfish

just where should i start  
we're friends.  
best of friends.

i fell in love with her.  
she didn't even look at me

we're not friends anymore

— I R O N Y

A L W A Y S

you're the constant reminder  
of my greatest "*what if's*".

what if we could go back?  
would i be able to choose you this time?  
because i would not hesitate  
again.

what if i stopped being such a coward?  
would you trust me this time?  
i would fight for you.

*always.*

that's a scary word.  
but i'm not playing around anymore.

*you could've been my always.*

*but  
you  
were  
never.*

f o r

“what did you do today?”

“managed to live without you.”

a n o t h e r

t w e n t y - f o u r

h o u r s

DISTANCE

maybe you're only  
beautiful  
from afar.

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WHAT'S LEFT

a quarter,  
an inch,  
an ocean,  
a galaxy,

slowly i'm transferring  
what's left of me  
to you.

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anybody

else

is

not

you.

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it's not a beautiful feeling to describe.  
it's dark, clumsy, and eventually turns into anger.

— S A D N E S S

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I WANT TO TRAVEL  
THE WORLD WITH YOU  
IN THE MORNING

i want my mornings to start with you.  
i'd drink coffee—black, with a little bit of milk.

but you liked tea.  
so i'd brew tea for you instead.

then we'd watch some crappy weather news,  
before laughing at how our morning breath smells.

it's fine, you're still beautiful, i'd tell you.  
and you'd hit me with a pillow.  
i'd kiss you after.

*"you're weird,"* you'd say with a hint of blush in your cheeks.  
*"but you love me,"* i'd reply, with a winning smirk.

we'd make ourselves over-burnt breakfast.  
we're just not that kind of a couple.  
*"maybe we should start learning how to cook,"* you'd say.  
*"we'd still end up with over-burnt breakfast,"* i'd reply.

we'd laugh.  
and laugh till our stomach hurts.

that'd be enough traveling the world for one day.  
because wherever my eyes set upon,  
the sunrise starts and ends with you.

PILE OF LIES

such a lie.

such a lie.

such a lie.

such.

a.

lie.

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i'm angry

for

feeling

this

way.

— V U L N E R A B L E

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DECEIVING

SOMEONE

YOU

LOVE

1. love them wholeheartedly
2. then leave

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it's killing me

because everything

seems to be going *south*,

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real fast.

—SINKING

i still catch myself smiling  
when i think of you.

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i'm at the edge of the cliff.  
waiting to fall.

slowly

and

altogether.

—THE OCEAN IS BLUE AND COLD



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it needs

to

make sense

before

i

let you go.

## THE PRINCE

i stumbled upon a fairy-tale today.

the prince saved the princess in distress.

he was very confident about himself.

he was not scared of anything.

he was the epitome of everything perfect.

then i had to remind myself.

he was merely a fictional character.

a fairy-tale.

a dream.

because in reality, he was probably scared.

he was probably not sure of everything.

he was probably the one that needed to be saved.

A D U L T

what is an adult?  
a man with lots of feelings?  
or none at all?

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letting go is not about letting your heart  
stop beating.

it's letting your next heartbeat become a reason  
for you to keep living,  
without her.

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the pale in your cheeks,  
it's close to white.

the color of your lips,  
it's close to blue.

the soul,  
it's close to fading away.

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## OVERTHOUGHT

what if she decided to wake up tomorrow?

wasn't i supposed to be there?

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it was the small things,  
the way you said my name,  
the way you smiled.

the way it was always  
you and me  
against the world.

— Y O U

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there's a space within these words.

it's unspoken.

it's loud.

what's missing is the courage to say it.

— C O W A R D

the fear of false hopes.

*waiting for you to love me back.*

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when she's destined for you,  
never in a million years will she be for someone else.

—UTTER BULLSHIT

is it a sin to love?

yes

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THINGS I LOVE ABOUT YOU

1. *nothing,*
2. *because it's everything.*

(p.s.: this list is useless)

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it was empty inside

yet

the chest feels

heavy,

so

heavy

it

turns

out

to

be

meaningless

— H O L L O W

WAS TIME TO BE BLAMED?

but what if we met a second later than it was intended by the universe,  
would we get that extra one second before you closed your eyes?

because,

i want to say those three words in that short second.

three words left hanging.

i

am

sorry.

A FOUR YEAR-OLD KID & HIS BALLOON

holding your hand when you only want to let go,

is like being a four year-old kid chasing a balloon that flies away to the sky.

useless,

and

disappointing.

you just don't get it, do you?

or maybe i'm that four year-old kid.

too naïve to see, that his balloon is *unreachable*.

i needed

*time*

and

*space,*

but i needed *you* most.

there's a story about every first-kiss.

mine was with you.

it was not great nor was it perfect.

it was sloppy and reckless.

child's-play.

but,

it was with *you*.

it made all the differences.

—FIRST KISS

“what’s life without her?”

“*suffocating*”

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THE RAIN

the rain constantly reminds me of you.

and i will stop loving you when the last raindrop falls.

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slowly

but

sure

i'm starting

to forget you

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slowly

but

sure

i am done

feeling

so

angry

at

myself



why is the heart so vulnerable? *i asked.*

it's because the heart

is where you keep all

your secrets

your feelings

your expectations

it becomes so heavy

that once

it breaks

to little pieces,

there's no way to fix it,

*i replied, to myself.*

*still,*

*i let it happen.*

SHE'S EVERYTHING YOU ARE NOT

her hand fits mine.

her lips find mine.

her eyes look back at mine.

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## EVERYTHING BEFORE US

i have never measured *time* as something very important. the idea itself is always slipping away through my mind. we live day-by-day focusing on what we think is important, not thinking whether or not we have fully *lived* at that moment – at that very second. maybe it's because we're not supposed to know that *time* is important. or perhaps, we'll just realize that it's important when we don't get what we want and start thinking about our disappointment. but *what if* – what if we know that *time* is important?

i would trade a *second*, for your smile. i never truly made you smile. was i too busy to see you smile? did you ever smile when i was talking about something? or did you frown when you're looking at me?

i would trade an *hour*, to hold your hand. we'd walk between the trees in the spring and smell the airy breeze, and we'd just walk. and i'd be holding your little fingers between my hands. "are you cold?" i asked. "no, your hand is warm," you'd reply.

i would trade a *day*, to kiss you. would it be alright to kiss you? to taste your lips between mine is all that i want.

i would trade *my life*, for yours. so you could live happily and see this world in its entirety.

what if i could trade everything before us, just to make the story *better*?

you made me that kind of person.

the kind that loves too much there's no more room for myself.

so much that i wouldn't be able to survive when you leave.

you made me that kind of person.

that kind that feels that the moon is closer to the sun than it ever was.

— THAT KIND OF A PERSON

i'm

desperately

still

and

always

will

be

in

*love*

with

you

sadness will end,

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when you learn something.

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the very first time i'm overly jealous is when you smiled at him and not me.

—J E A L O U S Y

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THE SENTIMENTAL THINGS

PART TWO

*"I ask you to pass through life by my side—to be my second self..."*

—CHARLOTTE BRONTË, JANE EYRE

these words feel heavy,

yet its longing,

yet it stays,

i want you to love me

the way i love you.

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do you ever love the time we spent together?

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i think it's the *sentimental things*  
that made it hard for me  
to move on.

even the rain misses you.

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S H A T T E R E D

it's a scary word.

it's sharp.

it's broken.

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more often than not,  
when you leave someone,  
do you end up smiling? or in tears?

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your eyes are the color of pale autumn.

they will never be bright enough to live.

i see why your soul wouldn't want to stay either.

you can't ask your heart to stop beating, right?

can you?

let me try.

"i command you heart, to stop beating (*for her*)!"

i failed. not that easy.

you try. i dare you.

i want you to feel like you're all mine,  
all the time.

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WORRIED CONSTANTLY

what is life without me? are you going to eat and sleep well?

what is life without me? are you going to forget me eventually?

what is life without me?

*please,*

*i*

*need*

*to*

*know.*

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there are infinite ways to love you,  
none of them includes *leaving you.*

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he smiled.

she blushed.

they turned a new chapter together.

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W I N T E R

she's like the rain,  
washing the winter cold away.

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oh, Fred Astaire made it look so easy,  
people don't fall in love like that.

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THINGS TO-DO —

1. it's okay to be scared on your wedding day.
2. ask her to tie your bow-tie. *why not?* it's your last chance.
3. write the vow. make it short.
4. tell mama that she's beautiful.
5. *don't see her.*
6. walk the aisle.
7. *don't look at her.* she's not the one you're going to marry.
8. please remember that she'll always be the girl  
that tied your bow-tie.

THINGS I COULDN'T DO—

change your last name to mine,  
swim naked with you,  
make love to you,  
have coffee in the morning with you.

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friend

boyfriend

husband

soulmate

— WHAT WAS I TO YOU

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MARRY ME

#REASON 1: i'm madly in love with you

#REASON 2: i want to wake up next to you

#REASON 3: you can't cook, but i can

#REASON 4: i can take care of you

#REASON 5: i want to grow old with you and call you '*home*'

—for all of these reasons, i could only picture *you* and nobody else.



a friend of mine once said,  
if a gentleman bakes *bread*, he will understand the  
philosophy of a *relationship*.

*okay*, let me entertain him.  
he began, "breads use yeast to rise."

*sure*, i replied. at that point, i was sure he'd lose me.  
he then continued, "the temperature of your hands are  
very important when you mold the bread with yeast. if  
it's too cold, the yeast won't activate, if it's too warm, the  
yeast will make your bread rise faster."

*okay*, again i replied in utter confusion.  
he then explained, "this is the same with any relationship,  
don't you think? if it's too *cold*, your relationship is not  
going anywhere. if it's too *hot*, you better slow it down."

what about a gentleman that bakes *cake*? i asked.  
surely, he'd have another philosophy to share.  
he chuckled and replied, "he's either very detailed or just a  
difficult gentleman to understand. *that's for other times*."

she loved me,

when i loved you.

—ALL THIS TIME

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i'm going to love her, just like what you wanted me to do.

EVERYTHING ABOUT HER,

she wakes up to the rise of the sun, just before the dawn vanishes.

she likes coffee in the morning.

she likes morning walks.

she smiles differently, as if the world is not a heavy burden.

she's a good cook — scrambled eggs are her specialty.

she's bad at tying ties.

*she's not you.*

it was an ugly conversation,  
almost hurtful,  
almost to the point of trying to break each other.

“you don’t have to care about me.”

“why?” she asked.

“because i have her, and you’re not her.”

WHITE SHIRT

it was the white shirt you stole from me,  
your smell lingers, until now.

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“do you *like* flowers?”

“*love*, if it’s from you.”

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i'm not sure how to love her,  
but first, should i be in love with her?  
why?



## A ROMANCE MOVIE TRAGEDY

as an actor you should always start your act whenever the word "action!" is said.

and it feels like i am acting, whenever i'm with you.  
there's just no "cut!" in every scene.

we're the perfect movie with no chemistry.

“are you staying this time?”

“i have no other option.”

“if you have any other options?”

“it will be her, not you.”

—ANOTHER HURTFUL CONVERSATION

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please don't love the ugly part of me,

Nb0001

Nbook  
because she loved that part first.

ONE DAY

feels like i'm finally *forgetting*.  
it almost feels like i'm in love again.

i'm under-prepared to be your better half.

why didn't

you tell me that

i'm falling for you?

now,

i'm

okay.

*(please don't come back to my head)*

— S U P P R E S S I N G

Nbook



“ F I N E ”

angers me

because *I'm fine*

and

*I just am.*

is it all worth it?

— THE PAIN

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i woke up this morning,  
thinking that you don't exist anymore.  
it was then,  
at that moment,  
i cried.

THE LONG VERSION OF THIS STORY

— my life is miserable without you.

THE SHORTER VERSION

— i'm moving on.

i refuse to be lonely.

future me: don't do this again.

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“mama, did she ever love me?”

my mother looked puzzled, but replied, “if she didn’t love you at all, she would not have hurt you this way.”

“what do you mean?” i asked.

“have you ever thought that maybe she hurt you because she loved you?”

“i thought she never did.”

— B L I N D

she made me smile for the first time today.

it was something silly.

something about coffee

i can't remember.

it's not important, i said to myself.

don't think about it.

but she smiled.

and i was surprised.

—MESMERIZED



"*home?*" she whispered.

"*home,*" i replied with a smile.

— A NEW HOME

the space between your fingers and mine,  
i'm closing it now.

—LET'S HOLD HANDS

it's a cycle, no?

*No book  
love?*

your lips tasted like sin.

let's kiss again.

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she cut my hair today.

*“let’s grow old like this,”* i blurted out.

i must be in love with her.

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*she's not you.*

let's make love,  
from dawn to dawn.

Nbook

S O R R Y —

1. that i finally let you go.
2. that i couldn't be there.
3. that i don't have the courage to stay.



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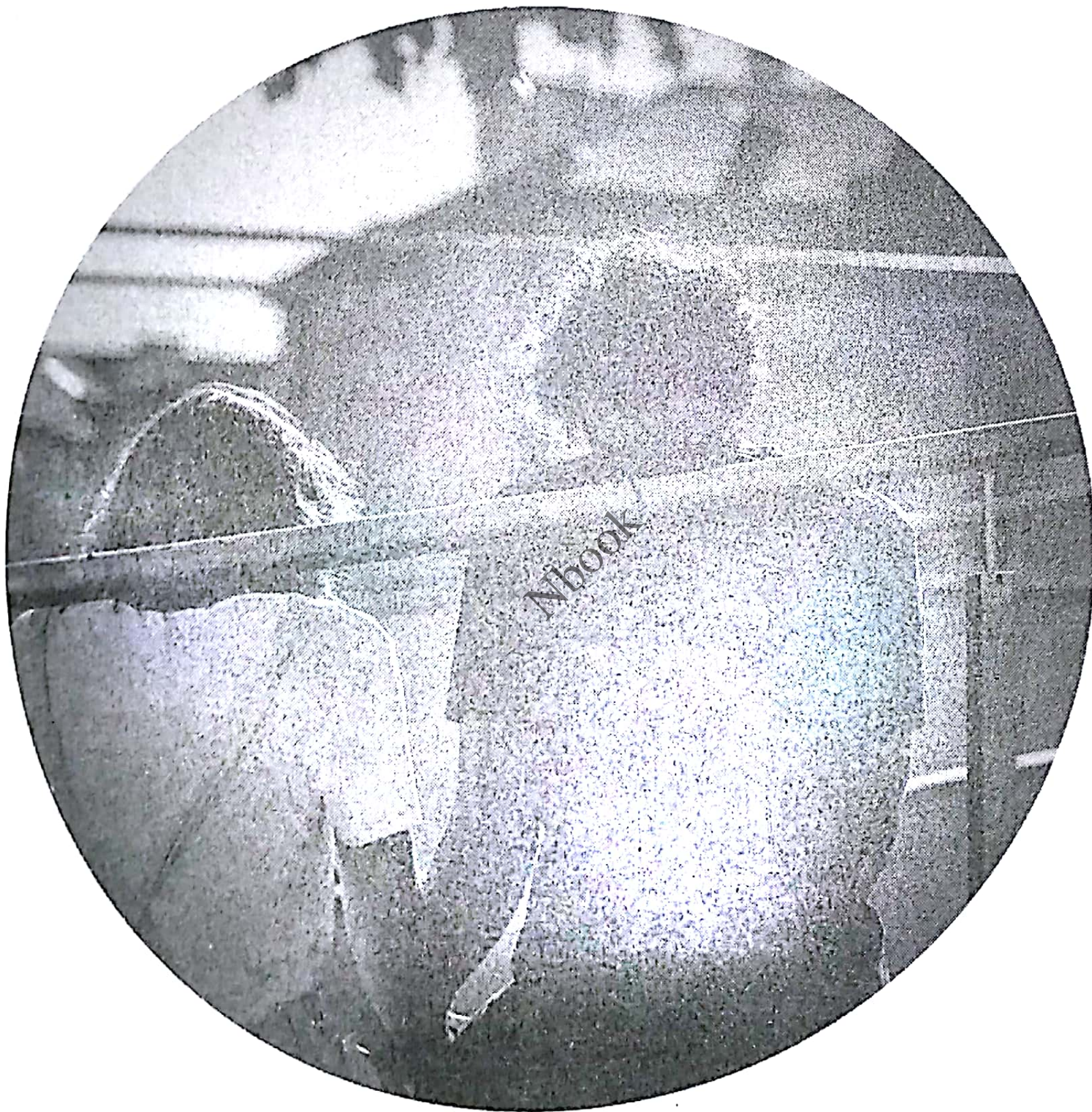






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PART THREE

*"I will love you if I never see you again, and I will love you if I  
see you every Tuesday"*

—LEMONY SNICKET

MY LAST CALL TO YOU —

the last conversation we had, in which you answered the call,

*"i'll pick you up."*

*"okay, please hurry."*

now the answering machine is in no hurry to pick up the phone.

*grief,*

is forgetting.

is being angry.

is being sad.

is about letting go.

but,

eventually,

*it will all come back all at once.*

WHAT IT BEATS FOR—

thank you, it's not beating for you anymore.



“was it yesterday?”

—THE DAY I LEFT YOU

regret

comes

later

after

you

have

done

the

damage

you hurt me.

i'll hurt you too.

i'll hurt you more.

— E Q U A L

*"unrequited love"*

—THE STORY OF YOU & ME IN TWO WORDS

i don't care if you're *happy* or not.

whatever.

not my problem.

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—DON'T GO DOWN THAT ROAD AGAIN

one more cup of coffee.

one cup.

*for one.*

— U N O

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## THE DRESS

she walks out tonight, with her casual flow,

but everything about her is different, as if this is the very first time i saw her.

her dress, falls perfectly, hanging tightly showing her body.

she's stunning, i thought to myself.

"are you ready?"

"yes."

"you never looked at me that way before."

"because i was an idiot back then."

everything starts and ends with *you*.

now,

everything starts and ends with *her*.

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i learn to kiss her with *feelings*.

i learn to make love to her with *emotions*.

i learn to be the best man for her.

she deserves this.

she deserves my undying and undivided attention.

“sorry, i’m a little bit late.”

“it’s okay,” she replied and i kissed her again.

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being an adult comes easily  
if you understand what you want.

H A P P Y

how do you actually describe happiness? is there a certain measure in someone's smile that could indicate if that person is happy? or is it transparent to the soul?

because i could smile, all day long, tell myself that i actually am happy—but everything felt nothing like it.

so please do tell me the definition of happy and along with it, tell me *how*.

*the first time she cried,*

it was because of what i said to hurt her.

*the second time she cried,*

it was again because of something i said.

i told her, "i'm going to make you happy now."

"i don't believe you."

"why not?" i asked.

"because you will always run towards her."

"i made up my mind."

"don't lie."

"i'm here and not there, right? *it's you and not her.*"

now, when i think of it,  
i don't even *like* what i used to  
*like* about you.

ever think that all these *words*,  
all this *time*,  
the amount of time i spent with her,  
the words i've said about her,  
is to make you jealous?  
—ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING?

should we leave it at that?  
should endings be like this?  
where's the satisfaction?



my amnesic heart still remembers you.

—FAILURE

i  
don't  
need  
you  
more  
than  
the  
next  
heartbeat  
anymore.

life starts over,  
with  
or  
without  
you.

—RUN, CATCH UP

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it's easier to be with someone that is willing to fight for you.

—YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO ALL THE WORK

ENDING

i didn't want it to be this way.

but even flowers don't get to choose where they bloom,

maybe we're not supposed to think about it too much.

maybe, we're supposed to just accept it.

"i'm not sharing you with anybody else."

she blushed.

"your first dance will be with me."

she took my hand.

"and your last dance will be with me too."

*"always."*

i have stopped comparing you with her.  
she's incomparable after all.

*\*Johnny Nash  
singing  
in the  
background\**

*i can see clearly now  
the rain is gone...*



Nbook

dear you,

you asked me to let you go. i did exactly *that*. *let you go*. but you see, letting go is not as easy as saying it. don't you know how hard it is for me to let you go? the first time i made up my mind to let you go, i almost went crazy. i couldn't sleep. i couldn't think. i might've gone insane at that point. because every part of me was you. every inch of me, was you.

when someone said your name, it hurt. when someone asked me about you, it killed me to say that you were fine —*because you were not* because i expected you not to be fine, like me. clearly, i'm trying to make a point here. my life was an utter mess without you.

you then told me to love her. i did exactly *that*. did it hurt to ask me to love her, and not you? or did you just want me to love her because you never did love me? anyway, *i am now confidently in love with her*.

she's quite breathtaking, you see. like spring without the rain. you were right. i didn't see her the way i was supposed to until i'm in love with every little thing she does. when she became my everything, i forgot entirely what it is that i used to like about you.

thank you for pushing me towards her. you were absolutely right. i was blinded by the thought of you and didn't see anything else.

i am happy, but most of all, *i don't need you anymore*. it's not suffocating to breathe now, because i don't need you more than the next heartbeat.

thank you for all the sentimental things.

always,

k. a. tjahrir

*this is the last page of Alle's notes, he left it by her bedside before leaving.  
he left a ring with it.*

# THE SENTIMENTAL THINGS

*fin*  
Nbook

Nbook

“THE SENTIMENTAL THINGS”

*is an accompanying book to*

“SENTIMENTAL REASONS”

*part of CECILLIA WANG's*

TJAHRIR SERIES

*soon to be a major motion picture*

this book is written through the perspective of

KENDRANATA ALLE TJAHRIR

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENT —

without *you* my world sucks, thank you for listening to my weird sense of humor and obsessions. (i am removing Prince Harry from our daily conversation—let me find another prince to talk about.)

TJHIN SIANE CELIANA

RICHARD TIO WANGSADINATA CHARIP

PETER WANGSADINATA

ING NGE

ANNA VICTORIA RAHARDJO

FIONNA ADELINE

FEBE SILALAH

SITI AINUN LATISHA

NADIRA SUTIONO

LAURA GULTOM

DELLAWATI WIJAYA

KRISHNAN RAJAGOPALAN

*but for the most part, thank you,*

FRED ASTAIRE

*he teaches me that the word 'love' should be simple and true.*

Nbook



## ABOUT CECILLIA —

CECILLIA WANG, author of “*Inevitably in Love*”, “*Invitation Only*” and “*Evermore*” is moving to United Kingdom to pursue her master degree later this year—*nope, she doesn't intend to pursue Prince Harry anymore*. After that she's planning to move to the States and become a lawyer. In between her boring life, she's planning to find a nice guy (preferably a prince) to settle down. Her future includes eight children, five dogs, and three cats (yes, she's planning to live in a château).

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JOHNNY NASH, "I Can See Clearly Now" (1972)

BELLE CO, ocean

JOSH SORENSON, boat

SNAPWIRE, horizon

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